GOD'S REVENGE AGAINST MURTHER,

Demonstrated in the

Apprehension, Prosecution & Execution

OF

HENRY SYMBAL

AND

WILLIAM JONES,

For the Inhumane MURTHER of

Sir Richard Sandford Baronet,

Murthered by them the 8th of *Septemb.* 1675.

LONDON.

Printed for *William Cademan*, at the Popes-Head in the *New Exchange* in the *Strand*, 1680.

To the Honorable and truly Vertuous Lady,

Dame Mary Sandford,

Relict of Sir *RICHARD SANDFORD* of *Howgil*-Castle in the County of *Westmorland* Bar.

The Author most humbly Dedicates the following LINES.

MADAM,

I Cannot think the ensuing Relation will be acceptable to your Ladyship; for it is an Accompt of the Barbarous Murther of your late dear Husband. Your sense of the loss you have not only demonstrated in your large and bountifull acknowledgments of your thankfullness to such as you found were instrumentall in bringing his Murderes to condign Punishment, but much more by your thus long sequestring your self from the Pleasures and Enjoyments of the

World, continuing in the diſconſolate condition of a Widow, like the chaſt Turtle, ſtill mourning for the loſs of him whom it is impoſsible to recal; whilſt your virtue, Humility, ſweet Aſpect, and reſplendent Beauty, render your Ladyſhip, not only deſired, but admired by all that know you.

Thus throwing my ſelf at your Ladyſhips Feet, humbly begging pardon for this my preſumption, I beſeech God to bleſs you, and to give you Comfort in your two ſweet Babes, the choice pledges of that Conjugal Affection that was betwixt your dear Husband and your ſelf; and that you may after all the Enjoyments and ſatisfactions of this World, have the eternall Bliſs of that to come; which ſhall be the conſtant deſire of,

MADAM,

Your Ladyſhips moſt humble and moſt obedient Servant,

JOHN TONGE.

To the Reader.

GENTLE READER,

IT *is probable thou wilt Admire why this Narrative, after it had lain ſo long quiet, ſhould throng to the Preſs, at this time ſo full, and croud it ſelf into the World. I can aſſure thee that it is not the Authors ambition to be ſeen in Print that cauſed this publication, but ſome late diſcourſes whereby the aſhes of the Murdered Sir* Richard Sandford, *ſeemed Irreverently to be raked and drawn out of his Tomb, and therewith the Reputation of the Proſecutor trampled upon; as if he had with too much ſeverity proſecuted the Offenders, and by an overcuning management of the Evidence brought againſt them, drawn them rather to ſpeake his ſenſe, than their own words, whereby the Court was brought to Judge worſe of the Priſoners than the fact did truly and in its ſelf merit; for which perſuaſion there was no other inducement then* Symball's *falſe pretence at his*

Tryall

Tryall, that he kill'd Sir Richard *fairely, and at the Gibbet, that he fought him in his own defence.*

In theſe Particulars, that Friends may be ſatisfied who deſire it, the Ignorant undeceived, the Proſecutor juſtified, and the Court vindicated, to whom it was fully demonſtrated that both thoſe ſuggeſtions were utterly falſe, and that they did baſely and ſecretly fall upon Sir Richard *in the dark, and without ſpeaking any word of warning till he had received his death. Tho' man may be deceived, God will not be mocked, who ſaith,* Vengance is mine,and I will repay it; *I am ſure nothing is more plain then that Gods Juſtice hath ſhowed it ſelf eminently in this Caſe, by prompting and directing the Proſecutor, as it were by Divine impulſe or inſpiration more then once in this affair: when falſe tricks and cheats were ſtrongly endeavoured to be impoſed upon his belief, to let him in the proſecution, he was made ſee them to be ſuch beyond any natural ſagacity; ſo alſo in defeating them, and over taking them in their craft, notwithſtanding their often croſſing the Roads, and making falſe pretences of going one way, when indeed they went another, inquiring for places which when out of ſight, they purpoſely ſhunned, and went the quite contrary way, hopeing thereby to amuſe the Perſuer.*

As

As for the Tryall, the matter of fact appeared so clear, that both the Judges and all the Jury were fully satisfied that it was a Barbarous Murder; and I doubt not but that all uninterested persons, who shall peruse the following discourse, will plainly see the vanity of the contrary pretenses.

To those who are pleased to say, tho' all were true, they would not have had their hands in their blood:

The Prosecuter for answer to such nice scrupulosity saith, that he is very well satisfied in his Conscience that he is innocent of their blood, who were so notoriously guilty of Sir Richard's; *and he doubts not at the great Assize to be cleared of theirs by the Judge of all, who for his warrant hath enacted,* that he that sheds mans blood, by man his blood shall be shed; *and taught us, that innocent blood cries to Heaven for vengeance.*

On

To the Reader.

God's Revenge againſt Murther:

ON Wedneſday the 8th of *September.* 1675. Sir *Rich: Sandford* and Captain *George Hilton* went into *Southwarke* about Buſineſs, and Returning to take water at the *Beare* at the *Bridge-foot*, being at the water ſide, they went into a Little Room, and called for a bottle of Wine, and before it was out, there came two or three boats full of Gentlemen, who landed at the *Beare* ſtares, ſeveral of whom were of Capt. *Hiltons* acquaintance, who (ſeeing him,) called him, and asked him how he did, upon which Sir *Richard* [redacted] *Drunk* to one of them, the Gentlemen all going into a room cloſe by that, which Sir *Richard* and Capt. *Hilton* were in *&c.* Making a Boul of Punch, ſeveral of them came to Sir *Richard* and Capt. *Hilton*, and deſired them to come into their Room, and to taſt their Liquor; but it being a Drink, that neither Sir *Richard*, nor Capt. *Hilton* did like, Sir *Richard* called for a Bottle of Wine, and ſtaying a Little while with them, one of the Company hearing Sir *Richard's* name, took acquaintance with him upon the account of Sir *Edward Stradling*, but Sir *Richard's* occaſions calling him away, (having appointed Buſineſs in *Fleet-ſtreet*) he deſired to know where he might meet with that Gentleman and one friend more in the Evening, that then they might in a Glaſs of Wine Remember Sir *Edward Stradling*, and they agreed to meet at the ſigne of the *George* in *White-Fryars.*

Fryars. Then Sir *Richard*, and Capt. *Hilton* took leave of the Company and went a bout their concerns, and at the time appointed they came to the *George*, and presently after them, came one *Henry Symbal* (who had been of the former Company) but a man altogether unknown either to Sir *Richard*, or Capt. *Hilton*, nor ever seen by either of them before that day) and with him one *William Jones*, another of the former Company, altogether a stranger to Sir *Richard*, but had some accquaintance with Capt. *Hilton*, these two enquired for the Gentlemen, which Sir *Richard* had appointed to meet him there, and were showed up into the Room where Sir *Richard*, and Capt. *Hilton* were ; Immeadiately after whom came the Gentleman, and his friend whom Sir *Richard* had appointed to meet, and stayed two hours, then Sir *Richard* called for a reckoning (which being paid) the Gentleman and his friend went away. The rest stayed to drink a bottle of Wine, then upon the table, and paid for in the reckning, they being gone, *Jones* asked *Hilton* for Box and Dice, who answered that he never played, and so had no occasion to carry any, whereupon *Jones* replyed, your Brother *John* oweth me Forty eight Shillings, Do you pay it me ? and upon *Hiltons* refusal *Jones* threatned him, and came from Threats to Blows, and struck him with a Caine, and so they fel a scufling, Sir *Richard* going to part them, *Symbal* layd hold on him, and would not suffer him to do it ; then Sir *Richard* went to the stairs head to call some of the House to part them ; but *Symbal* Drew his Sword and stood in the door of the Chamber and would suffer none to go in, the Candles being out, Sir *Richard* called for more, a servant-maid coming up with them saw *Hilton* down upon the flower, and *Jones* upon him Beating him, and Sir *Richard* and *Symbal* standing with their Swords drawn, and Sir *Richard* fast hold of *Symbals* Sword hand, and *Symbal* fast hold of his,

Sir

Sir *Richard* ſtriving to go to part *Hilton* and *Jones*, and the other endeavouring to keep him from doing it, but a Conſtable being called, *Jones* let *Hilton* riſe, and ſo when they were parted, Sir *Richard* and *Hilton* went down ſtairs, and Sir *Richard* went quite out of the doors, but *Jones* laid hold of *Hilton*, as he was going out, and ſaid he would make him pay for Glaſſes that were Broke in the ſcuffel, and ſo ſtopping of him, Sir *Richard* came back to ſee why he ſtayed, and taking *Hilton* by the hand, they went a way together, leaving *Symbal* and *Jones* in the Tavern, and when Sir *Richard* and *Hilton* were gone, *Jones* ſwore *Dam him*, he would do both their Buſineſs that night. And having got two more of their Comrades to them, they immediatly perſued Sir *Richard* and *Hilton*, that were going down towards the water ſide, to take Boat, who hearing ſome follow them very faſt, apprehending that it might be *Symbal* and *Jones*, with their Comrades whom *Hilton* ſaw in the Tavern before he came forth of it; they ſtept into a little alley to avoide them, but *Symbal* perſuing them cloſer then the reſt, Diſcovering them, called to *Jones*, and ſaid, They are here: ſo ſending their Comrades a little before them down the Street, they came to the Alley-end; which Sir *Richard* and *Hilton* ſeeing, leaſt they ſhould be ſet upon in the ſtreight-Alley, made haſt to come forth into the ſtreet, *Symbal* ſtanding at the Corner in the dark, as Sir *Richard* came forth, ran his Sword into his Left ſide, under the ſhort Ribs, up into the ſtomach and thorough the midriffe into the Back-bone, from which he could ſcarce pull it back again, ſaying wil't pay the Eight and forty ſhillings or not? at the ſame time *Jones*, with his Sword drawn, made at *Hilton*, and ſaid this is my man, giving him ſeveral Cuts over the head, Sir *Richard's* Sword being in his ſcabbard, he ſtepping back to draw, ſtaggered, and ſaid, I am ſlain, at which *Jones* looking about, gave *Hilton*

time to draw his Sword, Sir *Richard* at the ſame time drawing, endeavoured to defend himſelf, but having Received one wound more in his right ſide, and another in his right ſhoulder, and his Caul comeing forth at his wound he had Received on his left ſide, he not being able to ſtand any longer, ſtaggered bewixt *Symbal* and *Jones*; and then *Symbal* Joyned with *Jones* againſt *Hilton*, and their two Comrades (that were going from them) hearing the noiſe, one of them came, and laid hold of *Hiltons* Sword-hand, at which time *Symbal* run *Hilton* through his Left ſide, into his Lungs, then both *Symbal* and *Jones* with their Comrades fled; this was done betwixt nine and ten of the Clock in the evening. And Sir *Richard* Lived in Great Torment, untill almoſt ten of the Clock the next morning. And finding it Impoſſible for him to ſurvive, he declared to the Proſecutor, and to ſeveral others, that he Received that wound in his left ſide, (which was his mortal wound) from *Symbal*, and that he gave him it unawars, when his Sword was in his ſcabbard at his ſide, and without any manner of Provocation. Sir *Richard* being dead, and the Coroner being ſent for, Bound a Gentleman a friend of Sir *Richards*, who was with him when he Died, to make Proſecution, and ſummoning a Jury, the inqueſt found it Murther in *Symbal*, and *Jones* Aiding, Aſſiſting, Abetting, Concurring and Comforting in the ſaid Murther. Whilſt the Coroners Inqueſt was ſitting, the Proſecutor came into one of the rooms of the Houſe, where they were to ſpeak with ſome of the witneſſes, he met there with one that he never had ſeen before, and fancied that it might be one of Sir *Richards* Murtherers, and going to take a ſtrict view of him, the party ſeemd to be ſhie of him, it Confirmed him in his opinion that it muſt be one of the four that perſued Sir *Richard* and *Hilton*, after their going out of the Tavern, and the Proſecutor going to ſpeak with a Gentleman in the room, could not forbear obſerving the

the ſtranger, who took the opportunity of the ſlipping down ſtairs, when he ſaw the Proſecutor buſie, which he ſeeing, followed, and comeing to him, deſired to know his name, but he denying to tell it the Proſecutor, ſeiſed him, and ſecured him, and knowing that ſome in the houſe did know if he were one of the four Perſuers, had two Examined upon oath, who both confeſſed they did know him, and that he was one of them, after which he confeſt it himſelf, and that he was the man that held *Hilton* by the Sword-hand, when *Symbal* gave him the wound in his left ſide. Then the Proſecutor made it his Buſineſs to find out the reſt of the Murtherers, and being in St. *James's Parke*, conſidering with himſelf, what courſe was beſt to be taken for the Apprehending them, immediately he eſpyed comeing into the *Park*, ſeveral perſons which he knew to be *Jone's* Companions, upon ſight of whom, it came into his mind, that ſeveral of theſe being neceſſitous, it was probable that for a ſum of money ſome of them would diſcover to him where the Murtherers were, or at leaſt tell them his Propoſals, and hoped it might chance to fright them out of the Town, and then he did believe, that he ſhould have them taken. Being much moved with this Perſwaſion, he ſtepd in amongſt them, and openly declared that he was the Proſecutor of *Symbal* and *Jones*, and that he would give Ten pounds Reward to any that would ſecure *Symbal* or *Jones*, and Twenty pounds for the ſecuring of them both, or to any that would inform him where they were, and aſſiſt him in the ſecuring of them, that he did intend to publiſh this reward in the next Gazette. The next day ſeveral came, and promiſed the Proſecutor, that if he would get the Lord Chiefe Juſtice his Warrant, he ſhould have the Murtherers ſecured, for the Reward promiſed; upon which, the Chief Juſtic not being in Town, he procured a Warrant from one of the Judges of the Kings-Bench; and ſo meeting the perſons at the place appointed, upon Diſcourſe with them found that their Pretentions were

nothing

nothing but Air, and he leaning upon his Arm to consider of the matter, immediately thought with himself the Murtherers were certainly fled, and that these people were set on work with design to Amuze him, and cause him to spend his time and money whilest the Murtherers might the more easily make their escape, he leaving a Friend or two with them to keep them Company, fancying that if the Murtherers were gone, a Gentleman of his acquaintance must know of their going, and be instrumental in assisting them to make their escape; both which Suggestions proved true, though it was done without any other ground but his own Imagination. So going to enquire after that Gentleman, he chanced into a House where the Murtherers Lodged that very night they had committed the Fact, where he was told, That *Symbal* had received a wound in his Breast, (by knowledg of which, they were at *Wallingford* discovered to the Persuer) He meeting with the Gentleman whom he went to look after, charged him positively with his assisting the Murtherers in making their Escape, which though the Gentleman denied at first, yet after some time he said they were gone, and that he had helped them away: The Prosecutor asked him which way they were gone, saying he resolved to follow them; the other Answered him that he had hired them an Oyster Vessel at *Billingsgate* (for ten Guineas) to carry them to *Callis*, and that they set Sail on Monday Morning betwixt four and five a Clock, and that he see them down the River, and said he hoped they were in *France* by that time, which he said to deceive the Prosecutor, that he might look no more after them. But the Prosecutor, as it were by Inspiration, suspecting the Truth of this plausible Story, which most men would have been satisfied withal, told him peremptorily that he knew they were not gone that way, but over Land, and that if he would not Discover the Truth to him, he

he would take him before a Magiſtrate and Charge him with the Fact: and when he ſaw there was nothing but a Priſon for him, if he did not confeſs the Truth, rather than go to *Newgate*, he did acknowledg what he had ſaid was falſe, and that he did it on purpoſe to cauſe the Proſecutor to forbear further Search, and that he did believe they were fled into the Country, but whither he knew not, for he left them at a Tavern on Sunday night in a great fear leſt they ſhould be diſcovered to the Proſecutor, who had promiſed ſuch a Reward for the Apprehending of them. And ſo the Proſecutor, ſatisfied with this, took the Gentleman along with him, and went to the Tavern where they were on Sunday night, and that he might the better inform himſelf, he pretended to be *Symbals* Uncle, a Brewer, which he did, leaſt they knowing him to be the Proſecutor, ſhould not diſcover the Truth to him, and enquiring for the Maſter of the Houſe, he not being within, asked for his Wife, and told her that his name was *Symbal*, and that he was Uncle to that unfortunate young man, who it was ſaid had killed the Perſon of Quality in *White Friars* on Wedneſday laſt at night, and that he had an account that Mr. *Francis*, the Maſter of that houſe, had been very civil to his Nephew and his Comrade, and had aſſiſted them to make their Eſcape, the particulars whereof he was come to be ſatisfied in from his own mouth, that he might better be able to acknowledg and gratifie the kindneſs done; for ſaid he if they be taken they are dead men. Upon which the Gentlewoman Replied, *We hear indeed that the Proſecutor is a very ſevere man, and will follow them very cloſe, but I hope they are now out of his way, for my Husband hired them a Coach and went with them to* Barnet, *and there ſold them a Mare, and hired them two Horſes and a Guide:* But the Proſecutor asking which way they went from *Barnet*, ſhe Anſwered ſhe did not know, but her Husband would be within preſently, who would

give

give a better account: The Prosecutor sitting down, expecting the Master of the Houses return; and staying there till ten of the Clock at Night, and the other not coming home, he was directed to go to the Sign of the Ship in the *Old-Baily*, and there the Prosecutor being known, was necessitated to take his own name again, for finding *Francis* there, and being informed that he had been that day with *Symbal* the Brewer, receiving money for the Mare that he had sold the Murtherers, the Prosecutor going in, told *Francis* who he was, and charged him with assisting the Murtherers to make their escape from him, and desired *Francis* to let him know which way they were gone, that if possible he might find some means to Retrive them; but *Francis* denying that he knew any thing of them, and giving the Prosecutor scurrillous Language, he having neither Warrant nor Constable ready, he procured a Coach to be brought to the dore, and forcing *Francis* into it, took him before a Justice of the Peace, who making his *Mittimus* to send him to *Newgate*, he confest his conveying them to *Barnet*, as is before described, and that they went away from *London* about four a Clock on Monday Morning the tenth day of *September*, and that at *Barnet*, besides that they bought of him, they hired two Horses more, and a Guide, for two days Journey outward, without naming any place they would go to, but gave Security for the return of the Guide and Horses, upon the Thursday night following, and upon the Wednesday Morning the Prosecutor went to *Barnet*, and there he was informed that upon Monday in the Morning the Murtherers called at *Gibbon*, near *Bel-bar*, and enquired for one *Cooke*, who was lately come out of *Ireland*, and was upon the returning thither again, but not meeting with him there, after some stay at the Sign of the *Bell* at *Bel-bar*, they proceeded on their Journey, and went to *Hatfield*, and so to *Welling*, and then crossed the Countrey to *Dunstable*, and kept that Road until

til they came to the Gibbit, two miles beyond *Fenny-Stratford*, and then left that Road, crossing the Country went through *Whadden-chace* to a little Town called *Horrod*, and from thence to *Thame*, and so to *Wallingford*, where they were Apprehended, and at first denied their names; but the Persuer telling *Symbal*, that if he was not wounded in such a place, *viz.* in the Breast, then he was not the man he did look after, and going to search for the Wound, *Symbal* did acknowledg he was the man, and confessed the Fact; from thence they were sent to *Reading*-Goal, and by *Habeas Corpus* removed to *Newgate*, *London*.

It is worth Observation how they did cross the Roads, one while as if they designed for the North, going that Road two Miles North of *Welling*, having pretended, as the Prosecutor was informed before he came out of *London*, to go to *Stamford*, and so to *Boston*, and there take Shipping for *Holland*; but they crossing the Country from *Welling* to *Dunstable*, as if they designed for *Westchester* (which seemed to the Prosecutor very likely, they having told the Vintner that they would stay some time for *Cooke* at *Bell-bar*, and theire not only calling at *Gibbon* to enquire for *Cook*, who having married a Wife who had been formerly Servant there, she being then in *Ireland*, her Husband had been with her Mistris and told her that about that time he intended to go into *Ireland*, to his wife, but they not finding him there, as they expected, they went to the sign of the *Bell* at *Bell-bar*, and from thence, sent several times to *Gibben*, to Enquire for *Cooke*,) followed that Road two miles *West* of *Fenney-stratford*, then crossing the Country again into the *Oxford*-road, passed from thence to *Wallingford*, into the great Western-road, and at several places they made motions of leaving the roads they took long before they left them; yet for all this Gods Vengeance did not let them slip, but still Discovered their windings, and turnings, to the prosecutor,

for providence tho' by a misinformation lead him a far nearer way to them, then they went themselves, and so they were Apprehended upon thursday the 16 of *September*, before noon, and had their Tryal, upon Thursday the fourteenth of *October* following at Justice-Hal in the *Old-Baily London*. And there it was proved in Court, that they did begin the Quarrel without any manner of Provocation, and when the Judge asked them, what they could pretend was the cause of their Quarrel, they were not able to make any appear. And it was further sworn in Court that after Sir *Richard* and Capt. *Hilton* had left the Tavern, *Symbal* and *Jones* staying behind, having got some more of their Comrades to them, did threaten, (by swearing *Dam em*) they would do both their business that night, and then persued them, and overtook them, and in the dark set upon them unawars, *Jones* falling upon *Hilton*, and it was likewise proved by a Gentleman of the Temple, and by the Prosecutor from Sir *Richards* own mouth, a little before he died, that *Symbal* came upon him at unawars, when his Sword was in it's scabbard at his side, and gave him his great wound in his left side; the same was sworn by *Hilton*, who was an Eye witness to it; *Jones* being asked by a Friend if he did see Sir *Richards* Sword drawn before *Symbal* did pass at him, answerd that *Symbal* had said some things very ill at the Bar, but excused himself from making any positive Answer, saying that he fought *Hilton* with his back towards Sir *Richard*; yet *Symbal* had the impudence (both upon his Tryal and Execution) to say that he fought Sir *Richard* fairly. I leave it to the Judgment of any man of sense, whether it is not more reasonable to believe Sir *Richard Sandford* dying (who was a Person of Honour of known worth and integrity) or his Murtherer, who hoped to mitigate his Fact in some peoples opinions, by endeavouring to impose a lye on the belief of those that saw him a dying man?

And

And that it may not ſeem ſtrange that I do thus endeavour to Juſtifie Sir *Richard* from his lying Tongue, I ſhall only take leave to give you an account what a fair fighter he was, and ſhall go no further then the Evidence ſworn in Court upon the Tryal. Firſt, *Hilton* ſwore that Sir *Richard* had his Sword in his Scabbard when *Symbal* gave him his mortal Wound, and that when Sir *Richard* was gone that *Symbal* joyned with *Jones*, who was then fighting with *Hilton* (which neither of them did deny) and that when a third man came in (who was one of their Comrades) and laid hold on *Hilton's* Sword-hand, and held him faſt by it, that he could make no manner of defence, That then *Symbal* came and run him into the left ſide: the perſon that held *Hilton's* Sword-hand confeſſed it to the Proſecutor and ſeveral others, and that he called out to *Symbal* to forbear puſhing at *Hilton*, being he had ſecured his Sword. And it was further ſworn by another, That upon Friday the third day of *September* 1675 (which was five days before this Murther was committed) *Symbal* and *Jones* going up the Street in *White-Fryers*, they met a Gentleman, upon whom *Jones* drew, and the Gentleman drawing in his defence, *Symbal* drew too, and joining with *Jones*, they both ſet upon him together; an Houſe-keeper ſtanding at his door, and ſeeing them, did at firſt believe they were in jeſt; but finding that they had villanouſly ſet upon the Gentleman, he took a Half-pike, and joined with the Gentleman, and ſo reſcued him from them; and upon his Oath in Court, ſaid, That he did believe, that they would have ſlain the Gentleman, if he had not come to his aſſiſtance. Several other of the like nature I could inſtance in; but having reſolved to go no further than the Evidence at Bar, I ſhall forbear, and only tell you how penitent *Symbal* was for the Murder, when he was apprehended at *Wallingford*. After ſome demur, and falſifying his name, he did confeſs the Fact (as he pretended) with re-

gret, saying, That he was heartily sorry for having slain that brave, worthy, and valiant Gentleman, Sir *Richard Sandford*; but wished it had been *Hilton*; For then, said he, I had not cared: as if it had not been as well Murder to have stab'd Captain *Hilton* basely, as Sir *Richard Sandford*. Now that *Symbal* was a man who persisted in his Murtherous designs, is evident, partly by what hath been said before, and likewise by a Letter of his, writ (when in *Reading* Goal) to a Friend in *London*; which Letter was produced in Court, and there proved to be his hand, wherein he laments his own and his Friend *Jones*'s Misfortunes in being imprisoned; and imputes the cause of it to a Gentleman of his acquaintance, whom he chargeth (though falsly) to have betrayed them to the Prosecutors; and saith, that he hopes that he hath some friend that will pistol him pissing against the Wall. For, saith he, he deserves no better. All these things being proved, and the Murderers having nothing to alledge for themselves, they being indicted both upon the Statute of Stabbing, and at Common Law for Murder. The Jury withdrawing (in half a quarter of an hour) returned their Verdict, which was, that they found them both Guilty of both the Indictments, and accordingly they received Sentence of Condemnation; and upon Friday the 22 of *October* they were hanged upon two Gibbets in *Fleet-street*, *Symbal* at the little Gate of *White-Fryers*, and *Jones* at the great Gate, where they hung, by the Kings special Command, three hours, and were then taken down, and by the Kings Warrant, hung in Chains. *Symbal* at *Stampford-Hill* in the road near *Totnam-Highcross*. *Jones* upon *Finchly-Common*, betwixt *Highgate* and *Barnet*. And here I shall leave them to be an example to all Spectators of Gods just Judgment and Revenge against Murder; and give you an account of what is not unworthy your observation, how miraculously the Prosecutor, even by a false Information, hapned to find them. They having left *Bel-bar*, as is said before, called at a little

house

house in *Hatfield* Road, at a Lane end, where a way lead to St. *Albans*, and asked the way thither, and took that way, as if they did intend to go to St. *Albans*, when out of the sight of those people, whom they inquired of, being well acquainted with the ways, they took a little By-lane that leads to *Hatfield*, and the Prosecutor believing that they were gone to St. *Albans* (that being the ready way to *Westchester*, apprehending they were flying for *Ireland*) took that way, and often asking at the houses in the Lane-side, if the people did see such men (describing the persons) ride that way; every one that he met with (by what diusion I know not) affirmed that they see them pass that way upon Monday in the afternoon; and so all along until he came to St. *Albans* Town-end, where he lost all manner of account of them, as well he might; for they never came that way at all; so he (spending some time to inquire in St. *Albans*, whether they had been there or no; and getting no account of them) having lost all manner of hopes to meet with them, unless at *Westchester*, he took Post, designing for that place, but had scarce got out of the Towns-end, till hearing a Posthorn wind, as he apprehended one riding fast after him, he staid and found that it was one that followed him, on purpose to give him an account, that the Murderers Guide was secured at St. *Albans*, who was returning with the Horses that they had hired at *Barnet*; and this was occasioned through the Prosecutors strict enquiry and search, which he made in that Town upon this lucky accident; the Prosecutor turning back to St. *Albons*, took their Guide away with him, who brought him to the place where they lay on Tuesday night: And here you may see how Gods providence did direct him in the quest of these Murderers; for had he not been deceived by their pretentions of going to St. *Albans* (when they had called at the little house at the Lanes end in *Hatfield* Road, where the people did inform that they were the same men that called there,

there, and went that way, that had ſtayed at the Sign of the *Bell* at *Bel-bar*, two or three hours upon Monday morning; and from thence ſent to *Gibbon*, by which he knew them to be the ſame that he followed) he had never gone to St. *Albans*, and ſo had miſſed their Guide, and in all probability the Murderers had eſcaped.

I ſhall cloſe the whole with a ſhort Character of *Symbal*, that was given the Proſecutor by a near Relation of his, (when he was in *Newgate*) who was extremely concerned for him, and would have been glad to have found the Fact ſuch as might have given hopes of ſaving his Kinſmans life, and to have had him tranſported; for the doing of which he would neither have ſpared pains, nor any thing elſe, (if the thing had been feazeable.) but when he ſaw the uglineſs of the Murder made appear, he could not forbear admiring Gods Juſtice and Providence in following home ſo wicked a wretch as this his Kinſman was, lifting up his eyes and hands towards Heaven, he broke out into this grave and ſerious Meditation. *Good God* (ſaith he) *thou art wonderful in thy Providence, and in the Diſpenſations of thy Juſtice, towards this wicked young man; for I fear he ruin'd his Maſter; I'm ſure he broke the heart of his Mother, and ſold the Blood of his Father; and in thirteen years (ſince his Fathers death) I am a Thouſand pounds the worſe for him, and he is now cut off in the four and twentieth year of his age.* I once more recommend it to the ſerious conſideration of all ſober and unbiaſſed perſons, whether it is more reaſonable to believe the dying words of Sir *Richard Sandford*, a Gentleman of Worth, and unſtained Reputation, or the words of his Murtherer (being a perſon of this Character) though upon the Gibbet.

FINIS.